

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

BOMBARDIER BILLY WELLS might have disappointed a great many of his admirers in failing to reach world-championship heights, but he did more to popularise British boxing than any other champion, either before or after his time.

He was a different type to the usual professional boxer. He was handsome, and had a pleasing personality. In short, the crowd loved him.

His very first contest in public was enough to show that he would be the man to attract the big crowds. It was in the hot days of July, 1910, during the close season, and Jim Moloney, his manager, had a hard battle with the promoter of the largest establishment then open to get anything more than mere expenses for Wells to box. The hall was Wonderland, in Whitechapel, and of this establishment I shall have something more to say later.

THOUSANDS TURNED AWAY.

Here the crowd demanded the real thing, and if a boxer could satisfy the Wonderland patrons he was indeed a good man. Thanks to the "Daily Mirror," Wells was already famous, and thousands of people had to be turned away because the hall could hold no more.

Wells had for his opponent Corporal Brown, a tough Guardsman who had made a name for himself as a useful heavy-weight. When the Bombardier entered the ring he appeared to be very ill at ease, which was not to be wondered at. The din had to be experienced to be fully realised, and the crowd was so densely packed that many of the bolder spirits in the gallery were hanging on the gas brackets. If one more person could have been squeezed into the building he would have had to be the size of a mosquito!

The heat was intense and you could cut the atmosphere with a knife. Ill at ease—who would not have been in the circumstances? Four thousand pairs of eyes focused on one man, and that man making his first appearance after being written up as a future world's champion. Four thousand throats using up the scarce oxygen in that fetid atmosphere, lustily cheering the man they had come to see. As that man was just a modest young boxer you could not expect anything else.

When the gong sounded he shook off his nervousness, and with his first few lefts wiped the look of confidence from the face of the Guardsman and had the crowd in ecstasies of delight with his perfect boxing. To see a

heavy-weight boxing with the skill of a feather-weight, and a first-class one at that, was something new to all these spectators.

They cheered with all their lung-power, and such warmth of feeling, combined with the newness of it all, was evidently more unsettling to Wells than anything his opponent could do. Still, he did not make any mistakes, and settled down better in the second round, when he shook the Guardsman with perfectly timed punches, so much so that Brown was more than slightly dazed when he went back to his corner.

The third round lasted only 15 seconds. Wells jolted his opponent's head back with a couple of lefts, then crashed in his right to the body and brought it up to the jaw almost in the same movement, and Brown folded up like a wet sack.

It took a long time to fetch the Guardsman round after he had been counted out, and it was not until some time later in his dressing-room that he recovered.

ELIMINATING THE HEAVIES.

Wells was then invited to take part in a heavy-weight eliminating competition, which was promoted by Hugh D. McIntosh with the avowed purpose of finding the best heavy-weight to match with Jack Johnson. Our own heavy-weight situation was by no means clear at the time, and we had at least eight big fellows claiming the British title. They were Iron Hague, Gunner Moir, P.O. Curran, Seaman Parsons, Sgt. Sunshine, Jewey

Continuing "The Golden Age of Boxing" 3 K.O'S AND THE BOMBARDIER'S ON HIS WAY

W. H. MILLIER says



Irish Dan Voyles—the Bombardier's K.O. Number 3—and the toughest Wells had met.

Smith, Gunner Hewitt, Pte. Dan Voyles, and two or three others.

McIntosh had been on a world tour with the Johnson-Burns fight film, which had netted him a fortune, and he started to show us how to run boxing on a big scale. The King's Hall, near the Elephant and Castle in South London, had been built especially for boxing shows, and was the first of its kind. McIntosh leased this for a period and promoted some first-class tournaments.

As a first shot at clearing up the obscure heavy-weight position he matched Bombardier Wells with Sgt. Sunshine. This contest attracted a full house, and the majority of the spectators had come to see what the new heavy-weight find was like. Most of them were disappointed, but there was every excuse for Wells on this occasion.

A few days before the fight was due the Bombardier had the misfortune to damage his left hand so badly that he would have been well advised

not to box. But he refused to ask for a postponement, and Frank Matthews, a bonesetter, patched up the hand as well as possible.

The first punch Wells landed put paid to that left for the rest of the fight. With only one usable hand, how could he be seen at his best? Small wonder that so many people left with a feeling of disappointment. In the circumstances, Wells did remarkably well to score a knock-out in the fifth round.

It was due to the skill of Frank Matthews that Wells was fit enough to box again a month later with his left hand as sound as ever. Matthews was an admirable osteopath and a kindly soul. He was known as the boxers' bonesetter and attended to all their broken hands without payment. The boxers lost a good friend when he died.

Wells had Pte. Dan Voyles, of the Irish Guards, for his next opponent in the McIntosh series, and here the crowd had enough and to spare of thrill-

ing excitement to make up for any previous disappointment. Voyles was a good performer (he won the Army and Navy heavy-weight championship a few days after his contest with Wells), and was thought to be a stiff test for the Bombardier. EXIT DAN VOYLES.

He was good enough to enable Wells to be seen at his best. A forceful fighter, Voyles had made considerable improvement under the tutelage of Pat O'Keefe, who had been to Australia with Tommy Burns. In this fight he soon showed that he had no intention of being a mere punching bag for Wells. He cut out a hot pace and forced the Bombardier to take some heavy punishment.

Wells was always master when he was able to keep the fight at long range, but Voyles was a most persistent body fighter and boxed his way inside repeatedly. Moreover, Voyles could withstand a lot of punishment and remain strong, so that thrills were plentiful, particularly when the Guardsman replied to the Bombardier's best punches by fighting back harder than ever.

Several times the Irishman charged so fiercely that he missed and fell over with the force of his impetus. He had Wells retreating round the ring at a lively pace. It looked as though Wells would win by a knock-out in the fifth round when he landed a hard left to the body and a right to the jaw. Voyles staggered, but managed to clinch to save himself, and made a quick recovery.

In turn, Voyles had Wells reeling from a right hook, and following up, he floored the Bombardier for a count of "nine." Wells was groggy when he rose, and the Irishman went for him like a tiger. A series of short jabs to the body sent Wells to the floor again, and he scrambled to his feet in time to beat the count; but he was in a bad way for the remainder of the round.

Wells made a good recovery during the interval, and was able to defeat the Irishman's efforts to follow up his success of the previous round. So long

as he could keep his man at arm's length Wells was in little danger of being hammered. IRISHMAN WAS TOUGH.

The seventh round was wildly exciting, with Voyles going all out for a decisive win. This forced Wells to box at top speed, and in so doing he gave a fine demonstration of clever long-range boxing. A left and right to the jaw sent the Irishman flat on his back. He rose at "nine," only to be floored again with another left and right, and he took nine seconds to collect his wits, and must have been extremely thankful when the bell signalled the end of the round.

Wells put in all he knew to finish his man in the eighth, but Voyles, although badly knocked about and floored for two counts, managed to resist the knock-out.

Voyles showed great game-ness in the ninth by rushing his opponent in face of heavy punishment, and it became problematical to the on-lookers whether Wells would be beaten by exhaustion or Voyles. The Bombardier was a tired man by the end of the round, but his superb boxing kept the other from taking full advantage of this.

They had fought at such a terrific pace for heavy-weights that it was not surprising when it was seen how tired-looking they were when they came up for the tenth round.

Voyles made one last desperate onslaught and hit out furiously with both hands. Wells managed to keep cool, and met the rushes with well-timed punches on the retreat. Still Voyles attacked vigorously, and then Wells demonstrated his mastery by stepping back, measuring his onrushing rival with his left and crashing home his right with all his power. The punch landed full on the mouth with terrific force as Voyles swept onward in his fierce rush.

Few, if any, among those present could ever have seen a more devastating punch. The instant it connected the Irishman's arms flew up, he spun round like a top, and fell flat on his face. Voyles was well and truly out.

Try this Place-name game

Says John Fleetwood

TRAVELLING with a friend on a London bus, I asked the conductor for two fares to the Elephant and Castle. "Two Elephants?" he said, handing me two tickets. And I was reminded of a cartoon I had seen only a few days before. The proprietor of a village store was counting out: A couple of Yarmouths, half-a-dozen Baths, a pound of Cambridges, an' a pot of Oxford.

Now, how many British towns and counties do give their names to articles in every-day use?—I thought. And close on the thought came the idea of spending a wet evening compiling a list. It was an interesting pastime, for it called forth all sorts of odd articles that are linked with the names of towns and are seldom mentioned without them.

There were: Epsom salts, Stilton cheese, Whitstable oysters, Everton toffee, Dover soles, Banbury cakes, Chelsea buns, Eccles cakes, Worcester sauce, Yorkshire pudding, and Lancashire hot-pot.

Outside the sphere of eatables we found: Witney blankets, Windsor soap, Axminster carpets, Devon and Hereford cows. The game was carried forward to the next wet evening, when there were many more discoveries.

Mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers had quite obviously been drawn into the game, and their contributions were legion. We now had Pomfret cakes, Sheffield plate, Petersham ribbon, Aylesbury duckling, Melton pork pies, Malvern water, Barnsley chop, Mansfield pie, and Cheddar cheese.

There was a strong Scots flavour about many of the finds: Dundee cake, Ayrshire bacon, Dunlop cheese, Aberdeen haddocks, Loch Fyne herring, Midlothian oatmeal, Strathavon gingerbread, Glenlivet whisky, Alloa ale, Forfar bridies and Edinburg rock.

And apart again from edibles: Paisley shawls, Ayrshire blankets, Cairn and Aberdeen terriers, Harris tweed, Kilmarnock bonnets and Fair Isle jumpers.

Champion among the towns was Bath. A boy who used to live there produced a remarkable list, all associated with that city—Bath buns, olivers, brick, chairs, chaps, and Bath stone.

There must be many more; hundreds, if you extend the reckoning beyond Great Britain. Canterbury lamb, and the rest. But don't be fooled into including Jerusalem artichokes. For Jerusalem in this connection is not the Palestine city, but a corruption of the Italian word "girasole"—a sunflower.

FOR E.R.A. GEORGE SNOWDEN

News from Mother and a Picture from Mary



THIS pretty brunette is 20-year-old Miss Mary Marsh, of Rock Ferry, near Liverpool, and that look in her eye is for Engine Room Artificer George Arthur Snowden, 22-year-old Lancashire lad.

George, when he's home, just can't get away from the atmosphere of the sea—even if he wanted to.

For Mary's stepfather spent 22 years in the Navy, and Mary knows many of the old nautical sayings—expressions that are part of her "Pop's" every-day talk. Pop—a strange coincidence!—was also an engine room artificer, and with the same rank of petty officer, too.

When George is taken home for supper by Mary, the old salt swaps old yarns for the

younger stories of the high seas, and remembers again the half-forgotten words of the ancient sea-shanties.

Back home in Lovely Lane, Warrington, George's mother Mrs. Ethel Snowden, told this to a "Good Morning" reporter.

And she had other news for George, too. She and his Dad, Mr. George Henry Snowden, were sorry they'd missed hearing that broadcast their son told them about—the one "Joe, the cook," got special leave for, so that he could join Tommy Trinder on the air. We speak of your colleague, Joe, "the best cook in the Navy," you say. . . .

But your sister, Mrs. Olive Stanley, heard it, George, and thought it quite a thrill to listen to one of your own shipmates.

Periscope
PageQUIZ
for today

1. What is a regina?
2. Who wrote (a) The House with the Green Shutters, (b) The House of the Seven Gables?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why—Bull, Ram, Buffalo, Horse, Deer, Antelope.
4. What is a tilbury?
5. Which of the following are mis-spelt? — Perspicacious, Conspicuous, Pervasive, Perspicuous, Percipiant.
6. What is a "Prex"?
7. What is meant by pilose?
8. What is a pimperl?
9. What was the name of the Tam o' Shanter's mare?
10. What is the second largest city in the British Empire?
11. When was the Curfew introduced into England?
12. What is a parkin?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 130

1. A sperm whale.
2. (a) Longfellow, (b) Bret Harte.
3. Linesman is employed in football; the others in cricket.
4. An Arab's mantle.
5. In Australia.
6. A river nymph.
7. A delicate morsel.
8. On a Malayan palm tree.
9. Hero of a novel by George Eliot.
10. Paris.
11. 7,899 miles.
12. A triangle with three unequal sides.

ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in BRILLIANCE, not in SKILL.
My second's in PHYSICAL, not in DRILL.
My third is in CORPORAL, not in LANCE.
My fourth is in BORDEAUX, not in FRANCE.
My fifth is in OSTRICH, not in STORK.
My sixth is in WASHINGTON, not NEW YORK.
My seventh's in YANKEE, but not in DOODLE.
My eighth is in SPANIEL, so not in POODLE.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10				11				
12			13			14		
		15			16			
17	18		19		20			
21	22	23		24				
25			26					
27			28	29	30			
31			32			33	34	
35					36			
37			38					

CLUES DOWN.

1. Enervate.
2. Shell-fish.
3. Groove.
4. Send forth.
5. Shrewd.
6. Mean house.
7. First-class.
8. Devoted lover.
9. Hates.
13. Keen.
16. Plan.
17. Item of dress.
18. Unsteady on feet.
20. Circle spokes.
22. Fur hat.
23. Come to an end.
26. Escape from.
29. Girl's name.
30. Sort of dog.
32. Command.
33. Space of time.
34. Colour.

SLUB DOTARD
PETUNIA BEE
LOOT TRILLS
A PEAT BEAK
SKI COMET
HEATH EXPEL
N YEAR ADA
STOP PEEL T
CIVETS RAKE
USE HEARTEN
THREES SEAT

Beyond that door—
CORPSE OR
MURDERER?

THE hall, when they entered it, was brightly lighted up; the fire was built high, and about the hearth the whole of the servants, men and women, stood huddled together like a flock of sheep.

At the sight of Mr. Utterson the housemaid broke into hysterical whimpering, and the cook, crying out, "Bless God! It's Mr. Utterson," ran forward as if to take him in her arms.

"What, what! Are you all here?" said the lawyer peevishly. "Very irregular, very unseemly; your master would be far from pleased."

"They're all afraid," said Poole.

Blank silence followed, no one protesting; only the maid lifted up her voice, and now wept loudly.

"Hold your tongue!" Poole said to her, with a ferocity of accent that testified to his own jangled nerves; and indeed, when the girl had so suddenly raised the note of her lamentation, they had all started and turned towards the inner door with faces of dreadful expectation.

"And now," continued the butler, addressing the knife-boy, "reach me a candle, and we'll get this through hands at once." And then he begged Mr. Utterson to follow him, and led the way to the back garden.

"Now, sir," said he, "you come as gently as you can. I want you to hear, and I don't want you to be heard. And see here, sir, if by any chance he was to ask you in, don't go."

Mr. Utterson's nerves, at this unlooked-for termination, gave a jerk that nearly threw him from his balance; but he recollected his courage and followed the butler into the laboratory building and through the surgical theatre, with its lumber of crates and bottles, to the foot of the stair.

Here Poole motioned him to stand on one side and listen, while he himself, setting down the candle and making a great and obvious call on his resolution, mounted the steps and knocked with a somewhat uncertain hand on the red baize of the cabinet door.

"Mr. Utterson, sir, asking to see you," he called; and even as he did so, once more violently signed to the lawyer to give ear.

A voice answered from within: "Tell him I cannot see anyone," it said complainingly.

"Thank you, sir," said Poole.

with a note of something like triumph in his voice; and, taking up his candle, he led Mr. Utterson back across the yard and into the great kitchen, where the fire was out and the beetles were leaping on the floor.

"Sir," he said, looking Mr. Utterson in the eyes, "was that my master's voice?"

"It seems much changed," replied the lawyer, very pale, but giving look for look.

"Changed! Well, yes, I think so," said the butler. "Have I been twenty years in this man's house to be deceived about his voice? No, sir; master's made away with; he was made away with eight days ago, when we

BRAIN TEASER

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

1. The story's about Ali Baba and the ———— Thieves.
2. "In ———— more months and ———— more days," the Calaboose loses a tenant.
3. On Downing Street or Lullaby Lane the notable number is ————.
4. Gay were the ————s and ————s.
5. To fliers when up's down "ceiling's" ————.
6. When you're all mixed up you are at ————s and ————s.
7. When the referee has counted ———— you're out.

(Answers on Page 3)

heard him cry out upon the name of God; and who's in there instead of him, and why it stays there, is a thing that cries to Heaven, Mr. Utterson!"

"This is a very strange tale, Poole; this is rather a wild tale, my man," said Mr. Utterson, biting his finger. "Suppose it were as you suppose, supposing Dr. Jekyll to have been—well, murdered; what could induce the murderer to stay? That won't hold water; it doesn't commend itself to reason."

"Well, Mr. Utterson, you are a hard man to satisfy, but I'll do it yet," said Poole. "All this last week (you must know) him, or it, or whatever it is that lives in that cabinet, has been crying night and day for

Dr. JEKYLL & Mr. HYDE

By R. L. Stevenson

some sort of medicine and cannot get it to his mind.

"It was sometimes his way—the master's, that is—to write his orders on a sheet of paper and throw it on the stair. We've had nothing else this week back; nothing but papers, and a closed door, and the very meals left there to be smuggled in when nobody was looking.

"Well, sir, every day, aye, and twice and thrice in the same day there have been orders and complaints, and I have been sent flying to all the wholesale chemists in town. Every time I brought the stuff back there would be another paper telling me to return it, because it was not pure, and another order to a different firm. This drug is wanted bitter bad, sir, whatever for."

"Have you any of these papers?" asked Mr. Utterson.

Poole felt in his pocket and handed out a crumpled note, which the lawyer, bending nearer to the candle, carefully examined. Its contents ran thus: "Dr. Jekyll presents his compliments to Messrs. Maw. He assures them that their last sample is impure and quite useless for his present purpose. In the year 18—, Dr. J. purchased a somewhat large quantity from Messrs. M. He now begs them to search with the most sedulous care, and should any of the same quality be left, to forward it to him at once. Expense is no consideration. The importance of this to Dr. J. can hardly be exaggerated."

So far the letter had run composedly enough; but here, with a sudden splutter of the pen, the writer's emotion had broken loose. "For God's sake," he had added, "find me some of the old."

"This is a strange note," said Mr. Utterson; and then, sharply, "How did you come to have it open?"

"The man at Maw's was main angry, sir, and he threw it back to me like so much dirt," returned Poole.

"This is unquestionably the doctor's hand, do you know?" resumed the lawyer.

"I thought it looked like it," said the servant, rather sulkily; and then, with another voice, "But what matters hand of write?" he said. "I've seen him!"

"Seen him?" repeated Mr. Utterson. "Well?"

"That's it!" said Poole. "It was this way. I came suddenly

ROUND THE WORLD

with our
Roving Cameraman

PERSIAN MULE VISITS THE SHOEMAKER.

It seems tough on the mule—but mules are tough—and this is the way a Hamadan (Persia) mule was handled when his owner found that he needed new shoes on his hind hooves. The man with the scraper, clawing the old shoe off, is the blacksmith; the youth grabbing the leg of the mule is his assistant. When the shoe is fitted, both let the leg go and leap aside, for a mule seldom forgets, and takes a chance at hitting something just for luck.

WANGLING
WORDS—93

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after ANGLE, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of GREAT DALES to make a London railway station.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: POP into EYE, FIVE into CENT, NEWS into REEL, FISH into BALL.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ALTERCATION?

Answers to Wangling
Words—No. 92

1. DERIDE.
2. CROWBOROUGH.
3. BOOK, ROOK, R.O.O.D, ROAD, READ, MEAD, MEAT, SEAT, SLAT, SLAY, PLAY.
4. KISS, HISS, HITS, FITS, FIRS, FURS, CURS, CURL, SOME, SOLE, BOLE, BOLT, BOOT, SOOT, SHOT, SHOW, PANTS, RANTS, RENTS, RESTS, VESTS.
5. Pout, Tope, Poet, Pour, Rope, Pore, Pear, Reap, Spot, Tops, Taps, Spat, Peat, Tape, Watt, Wert, Stew, West, Wart, Trow, Port, Part, etc.
6. Waste, Spare, Straw, Strew, Spate, Treat, Trout, Spore, Pores, Rates, Spear, Reaps, Parts, Tapes, Spout, Paste, Parse, Water, Wears, etc.

Who is it?

She has a pretty wit and a ready tongue. Was the first woman to take her seat in our national assembly, but not the first woman to be elected thereto. Represents an important place not unconnected with shipping. Staunch teetotaler. Who is she?

(Answer on Page 3)

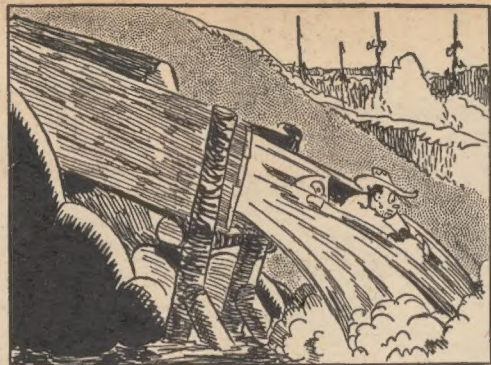
The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own.

Edmund Burke
(1729-1797).

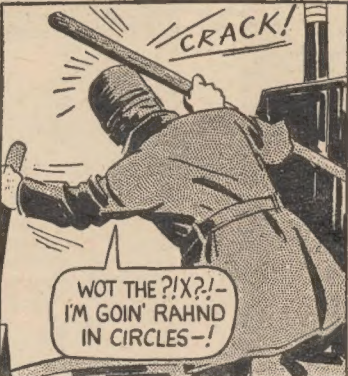
JANE



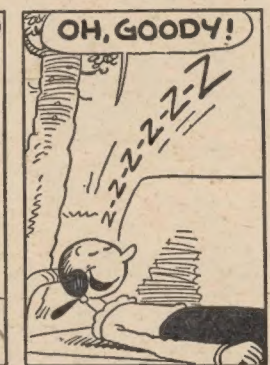
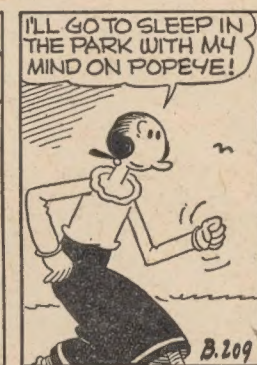
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



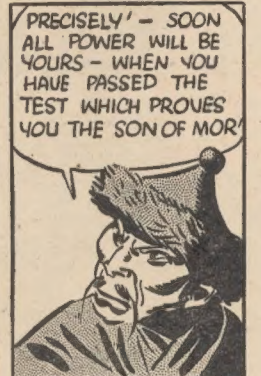
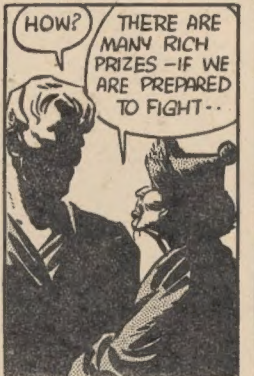
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Jessop's cowshot stroke

By The Old Tough

YEARS ago, when the magic words "Jessop is batting at Lords" used to flash into the Stock Exchange, crowds of young bloods (and old 'uns, too), cramping their top-hats on their heads, used to spring into hansom cabs, calling "To Lords like the devil."

The sporting drivers of those days, also wearing top-hats and with smart buttonholes in their box-coats, used to smile and carry out the orders literally, for they had gathered what was in the wind, and they, too, loved to be in the neighbourhood of Lords when "the Croucher" was treating the bowlers and the public to "fire-works."

It was the custom of some critics in his early days to talk of Jessop as if he were a village-green cricketer, raw and unpolished, but with a good eye and a mighty swipe. Now, either they were very ignorant, or else they had no powers of observation. Jessop had defensive strokes, though he availed himself of them sparingly, offence being his chief weapon of defence.

Moreover, he possessed the "classical" strokes, and his square and late cuts were a sight for sore eyes, and he could drive with tremendous power through the covers.

To these orthodox strokes, however, Jessop had added a few of his own particular brand, only possible to him because of his keenness of vision and swiftness of movement. His most famous stroke was nicknamed the "cowshot."

To accomplish it, Jessop used to go down almost on one knee, and, with tremendous power, sweep the ball from well outside the off stump clean over the leg-side boundary. The performance of this curious effort always evoked yells of applause and laughter from a delighted crowd.

The Australians were rather inclined to pooch-pooch Jessop, but they altered their opinion after his famous century at the Oval in the 1902 Test match, when he rescued England from a very tight corner, and the Old Country won by one wicket.

Twenty minutes of Jessop batting could give an entirely new appearance to any game, so rapid were his scoring methods. He was also a very fine fast bowler, and took his 100 wickets in a season. To top up with, he was an A1 field. It was often said of him that he started any match "— 50," for if he did not score a run or take a wicket, he would save at least fifty runs during the game.

A great all-rounder.

Argue this out for yourselves

BELIEVING.

ONE cause of religious indifferentism is the hazy conception of God lodged in the minds of very many people. It is not so much believing in God which matters, but the kind of God in whom one believes. . . . Vast numbers of people probably still retain their childhood's idea of God as an immensely magnified man living somewhere above the clouds at an enormous distance from the world.

Rev. L. B. Ashby.

SPELLING.

ENGLISH is the mother tongue of more people than any other language, and the second language of many millions more. Reform the spelling and it would spread still more widely. Also much time would be saved that is now wasted in spelling lessons at school.

H. Rackham (Christ's College, Cambridge).

TEACHING. PROFESSION.

THE success of education depends wholly and solely on what sort of men and women the "teachers" are. Their profession is accorded little public esteem. They are not paid as well even as skilled handicraftsmen. . . . You will not get a fine national education until you make the teaching profession a highly honoured Service with the biggest S in the compositor's box — until you give it the prestige of a great service.

Commander C. B. Fry.

ANSWERS TO BRAIN TEASERS.

1. 40.
2. 11. 10.
3. 10.
4. 90's. 20's.
5. Zero.
6. 6's and 7's.
7. 10.

Answer to "WHO IS IT?"
LADY ASTOR

Solution to Allied Ports
CARDIGAN

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

" SPOTTED "

Who wouldn't mind finding lovely Metro - Goldwyn Mayer star, Eleanor Powell, at the end of his telescope? Here she is rehearsing a dance routine for her forthcoming film, "I Dood It."



★

This England

Where the Atlantic meets the Coast. A striking study of Tolcarne beach, Newquay, Cornwall, with the sun tracing silvery shadows on sea and sand.

★



"Just go in and tell him that if he doesn't stop flirting with the cook I'll deliver the blinking milk myself."



"I don't know where you pick up all these 'strangers.' You must mix with some common people. This is the last time I'm going to 'Hoover' you, so remember."



"I know very well I shouldn't soak my bread in my tea, but I'm in a terrible hurry to go out into the sunshine, so there."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't be a spoil-sport"

